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THE GLORY OF THE YEAR.

'WITH what a glory comes and goes the year.' The glory of early autumn, when the wealth of summer verdure has felt the rays of the vertical sun and solstitial heat, under which the leafage has become tinted with an infinite variety of glowing colours. The glory of the clustering trees in wood and thicket—the deep crimson-tinted ash, and faintly yellow leaves of birch and sycamore, the deeper-hued elms, and rich purple-brown of the copper beech. The glory of the warm amber light of the sun on the billowy clouds and dim distant hills, and over the broad fields of ripening grain or golden sheaves of corn, the long swaths of bearded barley and glistening oats. The glory of ripe fruits, of purple plums and luscious damsons, juicy brown pears and ruddy apples, of clustering grapes and ripening blackberries.

The glory of the 'breathing freshness' in the morning air, and calm serene beauty of the long golden twilight, that floods 'hill and valley, lake and sea.' The glory of the broad red moon, rising over the limpid, rippling river, or gently surging sea, throwing a wide track of light before. The glory of the merry, sun-kissed faces of little children on the shore, where the iodine-scented breeze has tinged their cheeks with life and health. The glory of the richly coloured flowers, the scarlet poppies, the velvet campions, the deep blue of the corncockle, the late 'pure pale marguerite,' the yellow marigolds and sturdy thistles, with their rich purple heads and prickly stems, round which twine the frail pink-veined bindweed.

The glory of deep brown pools and translucent streams, along whose banks is a lush growth of herbage, from which rise the fragrant, feathery meadow-sweet, the water-arrowhead, purple loose-strife or 'long purples,' and red hemp-agrimony. Side by side are azure-eyed forget-me-not and pungent peppermint, broad-leaved silver burdock and wild mignonette. The amber and white water-lilies reflect their rose-shaped blossoms in the

still water-mirror on which they float surrounded by their glossy green leaves; and under the thick tufts of graceful cat's tail, or reed, and all the lovely waving grasses, lurk the shy trout, where myriads of flies and gnats are hovering and dancing in the air, and darting swifts divide the light ephemeral spoil with the low-skimming swallows.

The glory of the year seen on the wild moorland, with the rosy-purple heaths and the delicious fragrance of wild-thyme. On the wild roadside and uncultivated land, by the white and pink tinted blooms of the hardy yarrow, with its dark-green serrated foliage; the yellow rock-rose with its sensitive petals and glossy leaves; the blue succory in the hedgerows, the trails of deep purple nightshade and bunches of round orange berries. Amongst the late young grasses grow the fragile blue harebells—bells fit for ringing fairy music by the breath of the evening zephyrs. The pale yellow and deep amber hawk-weeds creep about the stony heaps, and brighten the dry pastures, adding to the glory of the year, when Ceres and Pomona unite to show the maturity of natural production, and the beneficent fruitfulness and affluence of the earth.

The warm radiant sun lifts the moisture from the earth; and in the early morning hours is seen the glory of millions of sparkling dewdrops upon hundreds of acres of frail silky cobwebs, stretching along every fence and hedgerow, and festooning every flower and tree, lending a softer, fairer glow to the masses of autumn foliage—cobwebs of such fineness as to be almost unseen and intangible, light enough to float in the air; yet a few steps forward and they strike across the face, and before you are aware, every vestige is gone—where? Who can tell? Two or three misty mornings come in succession, and the clouds begin to gather from afar, rising under the blue illimitable sky in soft shiny, billowy masses; anon towering high in the noonday sun, and being drawn insensibly eastward by some motive-power unfelt, unseen, and almost disappearing

from view, to rise again, later in the evening, in thunderous masses, dun, purple, and copper coloured, with intense bright orange-tipped edges, behind which shoot long straight rays of light from the glory of the setting sun, which fades and deepens as the twilight shadows creep over the sky. The air is still and breathless; the doors and windows stand wide open, letting in the scent of late flowering mignonette. Now and then, a fitful gust of wind sighs through the trees and scatters the leaves on the darkening air.

The light is fading down the sky,
The shadows grow and multiply—
I hear the thrushes' song.

Perched on the highest tree, this shrill-voiced 'storm-cock' foretells the coming storm. As the big red disc of the full moon rises over the far stretching hills, broad gleams of summer lightning rise from behind those dark billows of dun-coloured clouds, streaming vividly in all directions from right to left, darting along the cloudy horizon in all shades of light—faint yellow, rosy red, intense steely blue, and lurid crimson, leaping from point to point in a wild weird dance of instantaneous brilliancy. Then the eyes grow weary of watching, and the first hours of the night are passed in a deep dreamless sleep, to be suddenly awoken from unconsciousness of being to intense consciousness of listening, though with still closed eyelids. What is it? A long, low, heavy sound reverberates in the distance, another and another, then a pause. In the dense gathering darkness of a coming storm, the vivid flashes of lightning seem very different from what they were three or four hours ago; nearer and nearer rolls the thunder; then a startling, rattling crash follows, and a sudden gust of wind dashes the leaves and big sharp drops of rain against the window; then, with a heavier crash, the clouds open and comes the welcome rain, softly falling for a few minutes, ending with a drenching downpour; and the subtle scent of refreshed herbage reaches the senses. The storm dies away in the distance; and the clouds break and disperse; the waning moon shines fitfully and with a watery light, in the coming early dawn.

The following morning is full of blithe gladness and soft scents; trees and flowers are refreshed; the mountain ash tosses its clusters of red berries in the sunshine; the cornrake is heard here and there in the clear morning air; and the plaintive song of the finches and musical *roulade* of the robin come from the shrubs and low bushes near the house.

Soon the glory of the year, the

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,

will be over; even the latest flowers will have faded, and given place to the seed capsules, that in due time will swell and ripen and replenish the earth—in their turn to bring forth the glory of the fair springtide.

As the days creep on and shorten, the golden glory fades from the twilight, and deeper shadows

rest on the dun-coloured clouds, yet still we can say:

Ah, what a glory doth the world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLII.—SEVEN RED WINDOWS.

A CURIOUS sight it was to see Cable breaking stones on an early summer day, with his children about him, sitting on the heap, playing in the road, crouching into the hedge, and at noon clustering round him whilst he divided among them the cold potato-pasty that constituted the family dinner. But it was on Saturday only that this little conclave assembled, when there was no school. On all other days the elder children were learning their letters and the art of sewing in the National School. The winter had passed hardly for Richard Cable, and for his mother, who had become infirm with age and trouble. She did not complain; but her face was paler and more sharp in feature, her movements were less rapid, her hair had become grayer. A tree ill bears transplantation, and Bessie had been uprooted from a comfortable home, from associations sad, painful, and yet cherished as associations, and carried away to a strange corner of Britain, where she was subjected to hardships to which she was unaccustomed. The work Richard got was not such as to bring in much pay, and it was not work for an able-bodied man. Sometimes he sat on the side of the road against the hedge and broke stones with a long hammer; at others he hobbled about the road scraping it and cleaning the water-runlets. He got very wet over his work, and then rheumatism made itself felt in his weak thigh.

One consideration troubled Richard Cable night and day, and the trouble grew as the children oldened. How could the cottage be made to accommodate them all when they were grown up? How could his scanty earnings be made to sustain the whole family when the children were young women and exacted more of him? Would he be constrained to send his daughters into service? The notion galled him. He racked his brains to discover what situations would be suitable for them, and how they could be guarded from harm when in them, away from their grandmother's watchful eye and his protecting arm. He could not endure the thought of his darlings separated from himself and from one another, dispersed among farmhouses, surrounded by coarse associates, hearing loose talk, seeing unbecoming sights. He dreamed of his Mary or his Martha or Effie in such associations, and woke, flinging his arms about, crying out, leaping from his bed to throttle those who thus offended his little ones.

As he sat breaking stones, sometimes the mica in the stones glittered in the sun; he wondered whether he should chance on a nugget of gold or a thread of silver, and so make his fortune. But such an idea, when it rose, embittered him the more. No; there was no chance of his finding gold thus; for that, he must go to California, and that he could not do, because he might not

leave his helpless children. Silver! If he lit on a vein, what would it profit him? Others would enter in and quarry the precious metal; the mining captain, the men, the lord of the manor, the shareholders, would reap the silver; not a coin minted out of it would come to his pocket who discovered the lode.

All at once Richard Cable left the parish church of St Kerian and attended the Wesleyan meeting-house. What was his reason? It was no other than this: The rector had a large family, growing up; they sat in a pew near the beautiful old carved and gilt oak screen; and Cable could not endure to see them there on Sunday, and to listen to the voice of a pastor who was able to retain his eldest daughter, aged twenty-three, in the parsonage; also his second, aged twenty; and his third, aged eighteen. Why should the rector be thus privileged, and he himself be without the means of making a home for his children when they were grown up? The ways of Providence were not equal. He gave up going to chapel after a few months, because he was at war with Providence, after which the chapel was named. He beat the stones to pieces with a vindictive hate, as though he were breaking up the social order and reducing all men to one size and ruggedness. The farmer who was principal shareholder and mainstay of Providence Chapel had built himself a new house. Why should he be capable of adding three new rooms to his dwelling, and he, Dicky Cable, be unable to enlarge his cob cottage without encroaching on his garden?

Then his mind turned back to Hanford. He thought of the Hall that might have been his, had Gabriel Gotham behaved rightly to his mother. He knew that house well now, and he took a grim pleasure in considering how he would have disposed of the rooms for the accommodation of his dear ones. The little Rose Room, that would have done for the twins; and Mary, sweet Mary, should have had the Blue Room looking out on the terrace, with the window over the door. The Yellow Room would have gone to his mother and baby Bessie. Lettice and Susie could have revelled in the Lavender Room, so called because it always smelt of lavender. How happy the children would have been there! How sweet would have been the sound of their voices as they played among the bushes of laburnum and syringa! The idea was enticing; but Richard never for a moment regretted having refused the offer made him.

His brief life in the Hall had left an indelible mark on him other than that which has been mentioned. In spite of himself, he had been forced to contrast the habits of the cultured with those of the class to which he belonged; and his clear good sense showed him that there were vulgarities and roughnesses that might be sloughed away with advantage; that there were merits as well as demerits in civilisation. Involuntarily, his mind was caught by these points, and hung on them, and he began to correct in himself little uncouthnesses, and to insist on attention to these matters in his children. In Bessie Cable there had ever been a refinement and grace of manner above her position, due to her early association with Gabriel and the rest of the Gotham family; but Richard had not regarded this or sought to acquire it. Now he appreciated it, and was pain-

fully anxious that his children should acquire it. Indeed, with them there was no difficulty; they had instinctive delicacy and refinement. They had the look of little ladies, with their transparent skins, fine bones, and graceful shapes.

'You're swelling out of your clothes,' said Farmer Tregurtha one day as he came on Richard sitting on the bench at his cottage door, looking at his children.

'What do you mean?' asked Cable.

'So proud,' answered Tregurtha, laughing—'proud wi' contemplating them seven little mites.'

'And I've a cause,' said Richard, holding up his head.

He could not get over his difficulty about housing the little girls as they grew older. He could not raise the roof and add a story, as the clay walls would not bear the superstructure; and to add to the cottage laterally was to rob his garden.

One night, after Cable had been fuming in mind over this trouble all day, he had a remarkable dream. From his bedroom he could look through a tiny window away to a green sloping hillside, which had its head clothed with dense oak coppice. He had often looked out at this hill and thought nothing of the prospect. This night, however, he dreamed that, as he lay in bed, he was gazing through the window; and although it was night, he saw the whole of that slope and the wood, and the granite tors and the moor clothed in heather and gorse behind it, bathed in glorious sunlight. But what was new and remarkable in the landscape was that, on the slope, where now lay a grass field, standing with its back to the coppice stood Hanford Hall. There was no mistaking the house, with its white walls, and windows painted Indian-red, and the great door opening on to the terrace. There it stood, with its flight of stone steps down the slope in three stages. Moreover, he saw himself standing in the doorway, and one of his children's heads peeping out of each window. There was Mary looking from the Blue Room, and Effie from the Rose Room, and Susie from the Lavender Room, and Martha from the Yellow Room. Only he could not make out whether little Bessie were there, and from which window her dear innocent little face, with its look of pain ever on it, was visible. The house had an air of comfort about it, and a freshness, such as Hanford Hall lacked. It had lawn and flower-garden before it, and gravelled walks; and a summer-house where at Hanford stood the wind-strew, a summer-house with a conical roof and a gilt ball at the top. This was the only completely novel feature in the scene. He knew the St Kerian landscape. He knew the front of the house at Hanford, and of course his children's faces were familiar to him. Why, then, was a perfectly new feature introduced, and how was it that such a jumble of disconnected objects and scenery should occur to him?

When Richard awoke, the dream had made such an impression on his mind that he was unable to shake it off. Only one point puzzled him—the arrangement of the windows. How were they set in front of the house so that there should be seven windows? If he had two on the right and two above, also two on the left and

two above, and one over the door, that would make nine. If he had four on one side and two on the other, and one above the door, that indeed would be seven; but the house would be lopsided. He tried to recall how the windows were at Hanford, and was unable to recollect. All day he puzzled over the problem. As he went through the village, he met the mason.

'Mr Spry,' said he, 'how could I build a house on Summerleaze with seven red windows in the front and a door?'

'Summerleaze!' exclaimed the mason. 'Why, sure, that belongs to Farmer Tregurtha. You're surely not a-going to build there?'

'Never mind about that,' said Cable hastily. 'All I ask is, how can I have seven red windows in the front of a house, with a door to go in at?'

'You about to build!' exclaimed Spry. 'Wonders will never cease! Where is the money to come from? Show me that, and I'll consider the question how to build with it.'

'I want to know how there could be seven red windows in the front of a house, as well as a door, and the front of the house not look crooked and queer?'

'What be the good of puzzling over that, when the land ain't yourn, nor the money itself to build with.' Then he pushed on his way, and left Cable unanswered.

That same day Cable was seated by the roadside. He had broken his pasty into eight pieces; but little Lettice had cried for more, and he had given her his portion, contenting himself with the crumbs. He was hungry and irritable, teased with his dream, and angry at the mason for the contemptuous way in which he had left him with his problem unsolved. All at once he heard a voice above him, and looking up, saw Farmer Tregurtha standing in his field behind the hedge, gazing down on him and on the little shining heads on which the sun was blazing.

'Hullo! Dick,' shouted the farmer, 'what's the meaning of this I hear? Spry has been talking all over the village that you are about to buy my land of me whether I want to sell or no. I did not know you were flush of money and wished to extend your acres!' Tregurtha had dined; he was in a jovial mood. Cable was empty, and an empty stomach makes a bitter soul.

'I'll telly' what,' said the farmer; 'your little ones will come to a workhouse sooner than to a mansion on Summerleaze.'

Then Cable began to tremble. With difficulty he rose to his feet, and looked hard at the face of Tregurtha—a red, good-natured, rough face. He looked beyond, and saw the green meadow that reached up to the oak coppice, and beyond the coppice rose the heathy moor to the granite tors. Then his eyes fell, and he saw his seven little girls looking up at him, wondering, not understanding what was going on—six pair of blue eyes, only those of Bessie brown like her mother's. Spots of red came on his temples, and sparks danced in his eyes.

'Come, Dicky,' said Tregurtha, 'shall we deal?' And the farmer guffawed.

Then Cable turned deadly white. The laugh stung him. It was insulting, though not intended to offend.

'Come, Dicky, you shall have it for one hundred and fifty pounds.'

'How long will you wait?'

'Ten, twenty, forty years—till Doomsday, when you are like to have the money.' Again Tregurtha laughed.

Then Cable set his teeth, and hardly knowing what he said, he held out his empty hand towards Tregurtha, and cried: 'Wait, wait! I will buy your land; and there, against yon wood, my house shall stand, grander than any in St Kerian, bigger than the parsonage, plastered white, and roofed with slate, and with seven red windows in the front, one for each of my little girls to look out of.'

'All right,' answered Tregurtha. 'May I live to see it—when the world is turned topsy-turvy.' Then he went away.

Cable reseated himself at the stone-heap. He was still trembling. He was in no mood now to speak with his children. 'Run home,' he said to them.—'Mary, take them away; I must return to my work.'

Then Mary held out her hand to Bessie, who could just toddle, and Effie held Bessie by the other hand. Martha took the hand of Effie that was disengaged, and Lettice the free hand of Martha, and Jane that of Susie; and so the seven little creatures walked away, casting seven little shadows on the white road; and Richard Cable looked after them, and when they had turned a corner, covered his face and wept like a woman. When he came home in the evening, he was whistling a tune, to let the little ones suppose that he was in good spirits. He turned out a caldron of boiled turnips and Essex dough-nuts into seven little soup-plates, and seven little stools were set at the table. Cable sat by the fire with his dish on his knees and a spoon in his hand, eating a mouthful, and then watching the children; but all the while his mind was on the house with seven red windows.

When they had finished their supper, Mrs Cable undressed and washed the children; and Richard took them one after the other on his knee and combed their hair and kissed their cherry lips, and made them all kneel together round him and fold their hands and close their eyes and say 'Our Father.' But his heart was not with them when they prayed; it was sealed. When they had finished 'Amen,' he carried each in his arms, clinging to his neck, and put them one by one to bed. Little Bessie would not go to sleep that night unless he sat by her and let her hold his hand. He submitted, and watched the closing eyes of the child.

When all the seven were breathing softly in sleep, Cable mended some shoes and knitted some stockings, and carpentered at a broken stool. Then he went up to his bedroom. The moon was shining through the window. He opened it, and leaning on the sill, looked out. The moon floated like a silver bowl on the indigo-blue heaven-sea. Here was the very bowl in which St Kerian had rowed to the earthly Paradise; there, dusky, in it was discernible the form of the rowing saint. Below, lay the village, bathed in pearly light. The granite church tower with its pinnacles turned outwards, glittered against the bank of black yews between it and the parsonage. The only other light was that from the forge, red, palpitating. Why was the smith working so late? Ah! he could earn money, a good deal of money,

by hammering and turning his iron after usual hours, but much was not to be got out of breaking stones for the road.

Richard Cable wiped the perspiration from his brow. A great struggle was going on in his breast. There was money, abundance of money to be had for the asking, money that, he was told, was now lying idle and accumulating. Should he put out his hand and accept some of it? He would not be obliged to communicate with Josephine, only with the Hanford lawyer. What was before him if he remained at St Kerian? Only privations and cares, the parting with his children. His soul was full of sores; and this day a rough hand had brushed over the quivering nerves, and brought the sweat of agony to his brow, and the tears of humiliation over his cheeks. But for all that, he could not resolve to touch the money offered him. It would be a condoning of the wrongs offered by Gabriel Gotham to his mother, and of those offered him by Josephine.

'It must be somehow, but not that way,' he said. 'I will have the house, like Hanford Hall, of my own building, with the seven red windows, as in my dream. I will think of nothing now but how I may come at it.'

CHAPTER XLII.—A GOLDEN PLUM.

Nothing is more simple. Fortune sits on a cloud and lets down golden plums suspended by a hair into this nether world of ours. Those of us who are wide awake and on the lookout for plums, the moment we see the golden drop descend, dash past our neighbours, kick their shins to make them step aside, tread them down if they obstruct our course, jostle them apart; and before they have pulled their hands out of their pockets and rubbed their eyes or their bruised shins, and have asked all round, Where is the plum? we have it in our mouths, have sucked it, and spit the stone out at their feet.

No sooner is one golden plum snatched and carried off, than Fortune, with a good-humoured smile, attaches another to her thread, and lets it down through the clear air into our midst. What a busy, swarming world ours is, and all the millions that run about are looking for the plums in the wrong places! It is said that the safest place in a thunderstorm is the spot where lightning has already fallen, because it is ten thousand chances to one against the electric bolt descending in the same place again. With Fortune's plums we may be sure that the unlikeliest corner in which to come across one is that where a plum has already been let down. No man when he fishes whips the stream precisely where he whipped last. But this is what few consider. The moment one of us has caught and bolted a plum, there is a rush to the spot, and even a scramble for the stone we have thrown away—and see! all the while behind the backs of the scramblers a golden fruit is dangling, and Fortune shakes her sides with laughter to observe the swarm tossing and heading at the sucked stone, whilst a single knowing one quietly comes up and takes her newly offered plum. The eyes of all the rest are turned in the opposite direction till the opportunity is lost.

In this chapter I am going to relate how

Richard Cable caught sight of and got hold of one of Fortune's golden plums; not, indeed, a very large one, but one large enough to satisfy his requirements. It came about in the simplest way, and it came about also in the way least expected.

'Hullooh!'

Whilst Cable was breaking stones on the roadside, Jacob Corye stood before him. He had not seen the host of the *Maggie* since he had left his roof, nearly a year ago. Since his departure, Richard had occasionally spoken to his mother about Corye, and had told her that the sufferings he had undergone from the weariful talk of the landlord had almost equalled those he endured from his injured thigh. Now that he heard the saw-like voice of Jacob, he looked up and answered ungraciously. He was ill-pleased to renew acquaintance with the man, and be subjected again to his tedious prosing about the rearing and raising and fattening of young stock. Yet that moment was a critical one; on it hung Richard's fortune. Jacob himself had caught a glimpse of the golden plum, and with rare generosity, or rather, with by no means singular stupidity, was about to put it into Richard Cable's mouth, and Richard was like a child offered a rare fruit, that bites cautiously, and turns the piece about in the mouth, considering its flavour, and then, at once, having satisfied itself that the quality is excellent, takes the plum at a gulp.

'Hullooh!' said Jacob Corye, standing before Richard, with his hands in his pockets and his legs wide apart, with a pipe in his mouth, and speaking with difficulty and indistinctly because of the pipe, which he was too lazy to remove. 'How be you a-getting on in the world, eh? I needn't ask that, cap'n, when I seez you come down to stone-knacking for a living.'

'If you see that, why do you ask?' inquired Cable irritably.

Jacob continued, imperturbably: 'I reckon you're a bit disappointed with your house. The garden ain't much for the raising and fattening of seven little maids.'

Richard did not answer. He frowned and continued hammering.

'I reckon you're pretty well on wi' the stone-breaking,' said Corye. 'What'll you be on to next?'

'Whatever turns up,' replied Cable curtly.

'That's just it,' the host of the *Maggie* said; 'and I've come here to look you up and make you an offer. I've been a-troubling and a-worriting my head ever since I came to think at all, about the rearing and the raising of young stock, and how to get rid of the regraders' profits. I don't mean to get rid of 'em either; I mean to get the profits for myself and do without the regraders. Well, cap'n, I've figured it out on a bit o' paper. I couldn't get my ideas into order no other way. Doy' look here. There's manganese in St Kerian, ain't there?'

'Yes,' answered Cable. 'You can see that for yourself.'

'So I have. I seed the washing-floors, and the water running red as riddam [ferruginous water] away from them. There be three or four washing-floors, ain't there?'

'Yes. You can count them if you are curious; I am not.'

'Oh, I've nothing to do wi' manganese,' continued Jacob, 'more than this—that my meaning is, just as the manganese has to be washed in this tank, and then in thicky [that one], and every time it is washed you get rid of the rummage and get more o' the metal, so is it with ideas. I've got an idea or two in my head, and I've been a-stirring and a-scouring of it over and over for years; but I can't get rid of the rummage; there must be another floor on which to give it a second wash before we get at the pure metal. So my meaning is, I want you to take into consideration what I've a-said about the raising and rearing and fattening of young stock, and give it a second wash in your brain; and then, I reckon, something'll come of it. It be them blessed regraders as has to be got rid of—washed out of the cattle, so to speak.'

'Go on,' said Richard. He knew his man—that there would be no getting rid of him till he had talked himself out.

'Doy' look here,' continued Jacob, leisurely taking one hand out of his pocket, tapping the ashes from his pipe, replacing his pipe between his lips, in the corner of his mouth, and then his hand in his pocket. 'When one of the quarriers or masons goes on to the tors after granite, it ain't every piece as will serve his purpose. He may spend a day over what seems a fitty [fitting] piece; and then may discover, when he's half cut it, that it's beddy [liable to split], or so full of horseteeth [spar] that he can make nothing out of it, and all his labour is thrown away. Now, I want you to lay hold of my idea, and turn it out with a crowbar from where it lies in the bog—that is, my head—and split it up and see whether it is beddy or horsetoothy, or whether there's good stuff in it for use. I can't do it myself; I've not had the education. I can show you a score of ideas bogged in my brains; but I can't tell you whether they're workable and shapeable. Now, I ax you to do that; and I'll send you a kilderkin of *Maggie* ale for your trouble, if you can find what is useable in my ideas; and, for a beginning, the rearing and the raising and the fattening of young cattle.'

'I should have supposed that was the only idea in the bog you call your intellect.'

'There, you're wrong,' said Corye, by no means affronted. 'It is the most re-markable and conspicuous idea, that's all. My mind is like Carn-vean Moor. If you go over it, you see the Long Man, a great old ancient stone about twenty feet high, standing upright, that they tell was an idol in the times of the Romans. When you go over the moor, you can see naught but the Long Man; but doy' suppose there be no more granite there than thicky great stone? If it were took away, you'd find scores on scores of pieces lying about, more than half covered wi' peat and furze and heather.'

'Go on, then, with your Long Man.'

'I'm a-going along as quick as I can; but I can't go faster.'

Jacob smoked leisurely for some minutes, contemplating Cable, who worked on without regarding him.

'It's all very well saying Go on, when one has an idea, but it ain't possible. If I hadn't an idea, I could gallop. It is just the same with

the miller's donkey; when the boys get a sack of flour over the donkey's back, the donkey goes at a walk and cautiously. What doy' mean by hollering "Go on!" to him then? He can't gallop his donkey, because of the sack of flour across it. So is it with me. I must go along quietly and cautiously, at a footpace, because I've got this idea over the back of my intellect; if there were none there, I'd go on at a gallop.'

'Then go on at your own pace,' said Cable, 'and don't zigzag.'

Richard sat breaking the stones and listening at first inattentively to the prosing of the host of the *Maggie*; but little by little his interest was aroused, and when it was, then he forgot his work. The breaking of the stones became less vigorous, till at last Richard sat looking dreamily before him with the haft of the hammer in his hands and the head resting on a stone. He no more raised the hammer over the stones that day, but hobbled home in a brown-study. The thoughts of Jacob Corye, when washed on the floor of his brain, proved to be sterling metal; or, to take another of the landlord's similes, the Long Man of his boggy mind when chipped by Cable's tool proved to be sound stone.

I need not give my readers the turbid talk of Jacob for them to wash, but will let them have the scheme of the innkeeper after it had been sifted and arranged by Cable.

St Kerian lies eleven miles from Launceston, which is its nearest town. Thither the farmers have to drive their bullocks and sheep for sale. It is even worse for those near the coast; they have to send them some fifteen or twenty miles. At Launceston market the cattle are sold to jobbers, who drive them along the great high-road called Old Street—ancient, no doubt, in Roman times—to Exeter, a distance of thirty-eight or forty miles, where they are resold to dealers from Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and even Berkshire. Of late years the South-Western line has run to Plymouth by Exeter and Okehampton, so that cattle have been trucked at Lydford, Bridestowe, or Okehampton. Quite recently, in 1886, the South-Western has carried a line into Launceston; but at the time of which I write, the line had not come nearer than Exeter, thirty-eight miles from Launceston, and fifty from St Kerian, and some sixty from the coast.

Now, Jacob Corye had picked up scraps of information from the coastguard, some of whom came from Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. From them he learned that the farming done there was dairy-farming. Butter and cheese were made and sold at Bath, Bristol, and in London. The land was good, the pastures rich; no stock was raised there—it did not pay to raise stock, or it did not pay so well as dairy-farming. Along the north coast of Cornwall, the land was poor, and exposed to the western sea-gales. Only in the bottoms of the valleys was good pasture and rich alluvial soil. There was a great deal of white clay about, lying in bars from east to west on the hillsides, sometimes filling the valley bottoms; and where that was, nothing would grow but scant grass and rushes, and sheep put on it were certain to rot. This land did well enough for young stock, and was worth from five to ten shillings an acre; but it was fit for nothing else. Corye considered that when the farmers sold their cattle

at Launceston, the jobbers who drove them to Okehampton or to Exeter and resold them, made a tidy profit; so did the dealers who bought them at Okehampton or Exeter and trucked them on into Somerset, or Gloucester, or Berks. There were at least two profits made out of the bullocks and heifers before they reached their ultimate destination.

Then, again, the dairy-farmers, after their cows had calved, wanted to get rid of the calves; it did not pay them to rear them on their dairy-land. On the other hand, the North Cornish farmers could not get calves enough to rear on their poor land. When it came to fattening the young stock, they could not do it; they had not good pasturage for that; therefore, they were forced to sell, and sell cheap. In precisely the same manner, the farmers in the dairy counties sold their calves cheap. The bullocks they did not want at all, and the heifers they wanted after they were grown into cows, but not before. So sometimes calves from Somerset travelled down into Cornwall, and travelled back again, after a lapse of a couple of years, into Somerset; and as they went down, they passed through two or three dealers' hands, leaving coin in their several palms; and as they went up, they passed through the same hands, and again left coin in their several palms.

Now Corye saw this confusedly. He had tried his utmost to clear the matter by using a stump of a pencil and a bit of paper, but had only succeeded in further bewildering himself. Cable saw his way at once. There flashed on his eyes the gold of the plum, and he put out his hand for it. He did not take long to consider. He at once offered Corye to drive his stock to Exeter, to truck them there, and go up country with them, and dispose of them in Somersetshire or Gloucestershire. By this means he would save the profits of at least two intermediaries. He proposed that one of these profits should go to Corye, the other to himself. Jacob Corye was to provide him with a cob on which to ride, and was to advance him a small sum sufficient for the maintenance of his children during his absence. Whatever Corye advanced to him, he was to deduct from Cable's share of the profits on his return. The scheme was so simple and practicable that the host of the *Maggie* closed with the offer at once. It was a relief to him to find that his ideas were being put into practical shape. This pleased him more than the prospect of making money.

'You see,' said he, shaking hands again and again with Cable, 'I've ideas, but they're bogged.'

'Do more,' said Richard, 'than send your own stock; buy of your neighbours, that I may have a large drove. The larger the drove, so long as it is manageable, the more the money that will come in.'

'Doy' look here,' said Jacob. 'I'm a liberal man wi' them as deals liberal wi' me. I'll keep all your little maids on *Maggie* ale as long as you're away, and no charge. I said a kilderkin, I say two.'

'Thank you,' answered Richard. 'The little girls drink only water and milk.'

Cable finished the work he had to do for the waywardens on the road; he said nothing to any one in St Kerian except his mother about his

projected journey; but he went over to the *Maggie* once, before starting, to concert plans, and see a coastguardman who came out of Somersetshire, and who, Corye thought, might be of use to him. The man was anxious to send a message home, and with the message some Cornish crystals set in bog-oak as a brooch for his sister, who kept an inn near Bath; also some specimens of peacock copper, and spar with tin ore in it, and mundic. These samples of the riches of Cornwall would interest the Somersetshire folk of his native village of Bewdley. Cable took the names of some of the farmers about the place, and promised to lodge at the inn and give the specimens and the brooch.

'My sister,' said the coastguardman, 'has a lot o' little childer; but I haven't seen none but the eldest, whom she calls Mary.'

'Her eldest—Mary!' exclaimed Richard. 'I'm certain to put up with her. What is her inn?'

'The *Otterbourne Arms*. It belongs to an old lady who is Squires of the place, called *Otterbourne*.'

Richard received his instructions from Jacob; they were confused and unintelligible. He almost offended him and brought the agreement to a condition of rupture by declining *Maggie* beer.

'I've a notion of taking the pledge,' he said.

'More's the reason you should take a drop now, afore you does,' argued Corye.

The night before his departure, Richard Cable could not sleep. He saw that the golden plum was let down within his reach, and he had his hand on it. There remained to him only to bite into the rich fruit. But in this case, as in all other in this world, every good thing brings with it something bad—there is no gain without loss. If he were about to rise from want to plenty, he must consent to be much parted from his children. What this meant to him, few can understand. We all have our interests, our friends, our studies, and although we love our children, they do not engross our whole thoughts, occupy our hearts to the exclusion of everything else. With Richard Cable it was otherwise. He had no friends, no acquaintances, no pursuits, no interests apart from his children. He lived for nothing else, he thought of nothing else. He worked for nothing else; he loved nothing else, except only his mother. The wrench to him was almost unendurable. He had given up the thought of going to sea after his accident, because he could not bear to be parted from them; and now he only left them because he had resolved to make his dream come true, and in no other way that he could see was that dream to be realised.

Richard kept a little lamp alight all night before he left home, because he left his bed every hour to look at one after another of the seven little sleeping heads, and to wonder which he could best spare, should it please that Providence, which so ill-used him, to take one away whilst he was absent. He found that he could not part with dearest Mary, so thoughtful and forbearing with others, so full of love and kindness to the youngest ones—so like a little mother to them, though she was only fourteen years old; nor with Effie, so sprightly, with her twinkling eyes, and that dimple in her ever

laughing cheek; nor with Jane, who clung to Effie, being her twin-sister, and who must go if Effie went; nor with Martha, who had such endearing, coaxing ways; nor with Lettice, with a voice like a lark, so shrill, yet withal so clear and sweet; nor with Susie the pickle, who already knew her letters, and could say BA—Ba, and one and two makes three; no—she said BA spells sheep, and one and two makes four; no, not with Bessie the baby, Beattie, whom, after all, it would be best that God should take.—No, no, no—ten thousand times, no!

A TRIP TO BRITTANY.

ONE breezy afternoon in the month of August we glide into the harbour at Honfleur. As we have an hour or more to spare before the train leaves for Lisieux, we send our luggage on by omnibus to the station and saunter after it on foot, lingering on the drawbridge to look at the fishing-smacks and other craft lying alongside the quay. The journey by rail to Lisieux is through wooded valleys, brightened by a curving trout-stream; and we only lose sight of this glittering rivulet when, on nearing our destination, we plunge into a long tunnel under the hills. It is growing dusk when we reach Lisieux, so we postpone our visit to the old streets, and still older cathedral, until the morrow. There is something peculiarly attractive about many of the houses with their irregular gables and overhanging upper floors; but here and there, especially in La Rue aux Fèves, the quaint carvings on doors, windows, and walls are half hidden by the articles displayed for sale. From an artistic knocker are suspended several pairs of boots; and against the carved window-frames or oaken panels hangs a gay assortment of Breton costumes. In a corner of La Place Thiers is the cathedral; it is wedged in between a monastery and a row of modern houses. The exterior, with its two irregular towers, over a superbly arched doorway, carries upon its weather-beaten front some signs of revolution; the steps are worn with the tread of pious feet; but the gargoyles under the roof are sadly defaced by the missiles flung by impious hands at their stony features.

By railroad to Caen; the country is flat, pasture-land, relieved in the background by wooded hills. In every direction one sees some solitary poplar of imposing size and beauty, but often detracting from the charm of the distant undulating landscape. The town of Caen possesses a lion's share of architectural fame. Standing on a commanding height to the north-east of the town—where William the Conqueror built a castle during the middle of the eleventh century—many a handsome church tower or steeple rises above the roofs of the houses of this historic city. The castle has long ago disappeared; but the small chapel of St George and a Norman hall still remain as notable landmarks of the Conqueror's time. The old ramparts have been repaired, and a comparatively modern structure, reached by crossing a drawbridge, now forms a barrack there. In front of this drawbridge, guarding these memorable precincts, a sentry paces up and down. It is at Caen that the Conqueror's bones have found a resting-place in the Abbaye aux Hommes. This church was erected by William; it is one of the

finest Romanesque buildings in France. The two western towers are models of Gothic architecture. The interior of the church is characteristic of the early Norman period; on each side of the aisle one looks down an avenue of Gothic arches with a framework of Roman arches to enhance the effect. In the centre of the chancel is a gray stone slab, marking the spot where the Conqueror's bones repose. It is not many miles from Caen to Falaise, the place of his birth. Here we spend a whole day.

The castle of Falaise is an ideal stronghold, the appropriate home of so great a conqueror. It is reached by passing through the principal street of the old town of Falaise and then mounting a hill to the right, where there is a handsome equestrian statue of William surrounded by his six Dukes of Normandy. Passing over a bridge, one finds one's-self at once on the ancient ramparts—the ramparts built before the Conqueror was born. A mere ruin of the old castle is standing; but the room, or, more strictly speaking, the bare walls of the room in which William first saw the dawn, is shown by the custodian with a well-feigned credulity in historical events. He is an antique man, with a long white beard, who taps the walls and mutters 'Old, old!' in a pathetic voice while leading the way to Talbot's Tower, a tower built on one side of the castle in the fifteenth century. By mounting this tower, a fine view is gained of the ramparts and of the surrounding scenery. A small stream flows through the valley immediately below, watering, as it has done for centuries past, the deep moat around the castle. Glancing at our custodian as we descend the winding steps, we wonder, as he tells us that he is a native of Falaise, whether any of the Conqueror's blood flows in his veins. But he soon diverts our attention from himself by stepping into a recess on the staircase and pointing out a well, into which he drops a stone, in order to sound, for our edification, its extraordinary depth; and then he speaks in a confidential tone of a subterranean passage from the castle into the town of Falaise, and carries us back into a period of chivalry and romance.

Nor do we fail, while making Caen our headquarters, to pay a visit to Bayeux. A walk from the station of half a mile, through a winding avenue of lime-trees, with green meadows on each side, brings us to the town. There is no need to ask our way to the cathedral, for, rising high above the houses, we descry its three lofty towers, the finest being the one over the western entrance with pointed and round arches, alternating in the different stories. This Roman-Gothic structure dates from the twelfth century. The interior is of great architectural beauty. The clerestory is exceptionally high, and through its rows of Gothic windows there descends into the nave a flood of glorious sunlight. Walking under the Norman arches in the side-aisles—arches surmounted by a trefoiled arcade—one gains an inspiring glimpse of the chancel beyond in a subdued light that enters slantingly through the lancet windows. Here and there about the town of Bayeux we come upon antique houses, landmarks of historic mysteries that no chronicler has ever clearly solved. In the Rue St Martin, at the corner of the street leading from the cathedral, one of these old houses especially attracts

our attention. As it is an inn—spoken of as the manor-house at Bayeux in the fifteenth century—we enter *sans cérémonie* and order *déjeuner*. The room into which we are shown, with its heavy beams overhead and its irregular walls, interests us deeply; so we ask the landlord, after ‘regulating’ our bill, to show us over the old mansion. With an expression of mystery overspreading his Norman features, he invites us to step up-stairs. We follow him up a winding stone staircase, worn by five centuries of footsteps. He points out the fine carvings on the oak panellings of the doors and walls and *cheminées* of the rooms through which we pass; and the look of mystery, always increasing, culminates when he lights a lantern, in his own room and in broad daylight, and indicates a certain cupboard door. This cupboard upon being opened reveals no mystery: it is an empty cupboard—the depth of a thick wall. The mystery lies beyond. Stepping before us, the landlord gives the panelling at the back of the cupboard a strong push, and it moves inward on rusty hinges, discovering a dark passage with a flight of stone steps winding downwards into a dungeon as deep and ill-ventilated as a well. Over this weird retreat the landlord holds his lantern and whispers: ‘*Les oubliettes!*’

Returning through the town, decked with flags and banners—for it is a fête-day at Bayeux—we look in at the famous library—famous as containing a remarkable page out of English history, rather than on account of its antique volumes. The Bayeux tapestry—quaintly illustrating the Norman Conquest—records the spirit of enthusiasm which existed in the hearts of Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court when they undertook the execution of this work.

It is evening—the evening after our visit to Bayeux—and we are seated beside the driver of a crowded *diligence*. We arrive at the summit of a steep hill—a magnificent plateau, upon which is situated the town of Avranches. There are miles of wooded valleys on all sides. Towards the west, between a silvan landscape and the sea, we observe a wide expanse of briny sand, through which a river flows and brilliantly reflects some lingering rays of sunset. Beyond, between the sunset and these sands, which the tide has left high and dry, is Mont St Michel. This conic rock, with an old fishing-town at its base, with monastery church and castle above, rises out of the Atlantic. The road from Avranches to Mont St Michel makes a gradual descent towards the sea. Along a broad causeway, with a desert of sand on both sides, we arrive at the outer walls of the fortress. The entrance into the town is gained by passing through three gateways; the third still retains its portcullis, but the arms overhead—doubtless the arms of the monastery—are almost effaced. The town consists of one short and narrow street, with irregular and picturesque old houses on each side. Then commence the six hundred steps. We stop to take breath half-way, at the arched gateway leading to the monastery, with its magnificent *Salle des Chevaliers* below the cloisters, and its singular crypt, literally paved with the dust of dead monks. The ascent from this point to the terrace is by broad stone stairs between antique walls of granite, with many a Roman archway overhead. We reach the terrace and look out

upon the wide area of sand, for it is still low tide. But the sea comes quickly in over this flat surface; and not two hours elapse, after the first indication of the recurrent tide, before the waves are leaping noisily against the rock, and every sign of sand has disappeared.

So full of romantic interest is every nook and corner of Mont St Michel, from the rocky beach at its base to the ramparts above, that it is with strong reluctance we leave for St Malo *en route* for Dinan. The morning is cool and cloudy when we steam out of the harbour at St Malo and steer cautiously round the rocks with which this coast simply bristles. Among these rocks—upon which one sometimes observes a ruined fort, that time and tide have compelled to capitulate unconditionally—the tall lighthouse is most conspicuous, seemingly indicating the danger to navigators even in broad daylight. The numerous sailing-boats, gliding in and out behind the rocks, fill the bay with all the animation of a gala-day. This scene is suddenly blotted out when we enter the Rance, that beautiful little river which flows on its tortuous way from Dinan. It is like a miniature Rhine, with wooded and rock-bound hills on both sides. The old town of Dinan, which we reach in less than two hours, is on a slope overlooking the valley. Strolling through the shady boulevards on the heights, which represent the line of ancient fortifications, the scene below is bathed in sunshine, for the lowering clouds which covered the sky at daybreak have disappeared. Later in the day we walk to the village of Lehon, about a mile from the town, ensconced in a wooded dell. From the ruins of the ancient castle, which we reach by climbing a steep hill, we cast our eyes over the hamlet upon an extensive woodland scene. On the other side of Dinan there is a grand old ruin of the Chateau de la Guiraye. We drive to this romantic spot through an avenue of young oaks. Alighting at a little wooden gate, which a rustic holds expectantly open, we presently find ourselves in an overgrown fruit-garden of large dimensions. In this garden stand the mouldering walls of the chateau, the weird abode of bats and phantoms. The architectural beauty of these ruins is but faintly expressed, for here the ivy climbs in such profusion that the delicately carved stonework that ornaments the windows and doorways is almost hidden from view.

On our way to Quimper, *via* Brest, we break our journey at St Brieuc. The market-place is swarming with Breton *paysannes* in their spotless white caps of all shapes and sizes. We edge our way through this busy crowd towards the cathedral, where the patron saint and founder was buried; but so many centuries have passed since St Brieuc died, that even the pilgrims have at last ceased to visit his tomb. The town is some fourteen hundred years old, for it dates from somewhere in the fifth century. We were not surprised to come across several antique houses with quaintly carved wooden heads upon the outer walls. A diminutive lantern above a doorway—a lantern that looked old enough to have lit up the saintly face of Brieuc himself as he went by—excited our curiosity as we passed through the Rue St Jacques. Although deeply impressed with the odd physiognomy of St Brieuc and its industrious people, we lose no time in travelling on to Quimper, for it is

here we have resolved to establish our headquarters for a week or more, and project excursions to various points of interest along the coast.

To the fishing village of Douarnenez and its sheltered bay we journey first. Here the peasants, even more busy than at St Brieuc, were clattering through the stony streets in their wooden shoes, as we strolled down to the sandy beach beyond the town. It is a sultry, cloudless afternoon. Crossing the bay in a little ferry-boat, with the boatman's boy in the stern 'screwing' madly at an oar, we land in the 'crystal isle,' as it is called. Wandering through a shady avenue that leads towards the lighthouse, we search a sequestered spot, on the outer shore of the island, for an invigorating swim. We find the very place under the low cliff, and plunge into the cool, transparent waters, where the waves are gently breaking against the rocks out in the 'open,' and creating frothy patches in the blue expanse of sea.

On the morrow, at an early hour, we start on our way to the Pointe du Raz. From Audierne, which we reach by *courrier*, the country is flat, though the monotony is broken by an occasional glimpse of the sea. But we would have journeyed through a desert without complaining, for the fine sight which we now gain of the famous Pointe, the wildest promontory on the coast of France. The weather here, as our weather-beaten guide informs us, is nearly always boisterous. It is, by good luck, fairly calm today, so we clamber over the rocks and look down with a certain sense of awe into the Trou du Diable. The tide is coming in over the huge boulders and descending into this great gap with a sound like the firing of cannon. There is something about this scene that almost awakens a feeling of terror, even by daylight, when only a light wind is blowing. Who, then, could adequately describe this picture of ruin and riot upon a night of tempest and shipwreck? The guide calls our attention, sailor-like, to the black hulk of a large vessel, which, wedged in tightly between the rocks, was lost in the last *grande tempête*! Le Moine—a rock strangely resembling a gigantic monk lying on his back with the cowl drawn over his face—is only one among the many odd fancies which the scene awakens. The Caves d'enfer are close alongside, in the Baie des Trépassés; and this stony friar seems to be floating that way with the incoming tide.

Quartered next at Vannes, a town of medieval streets, into which one enters by picturesque old gateways, we explore places of historic interest in the immediate neighbourhood, not omitting to make a pilgrimage to the ruined abbey of St Gildas, along the peninsula of Rhuys, nor to climb the famous Celtic mount, La Butte de Tumiac. But no pilgrimage can surpass the one to Carnac, where the country is thickly strewn with druidical ruins. We sail among the islands, in the archipelago of Morbihan, to Carnac, and from there we drive to Auray. At Rumeston, about half a mile along the road, we stop at a small flight of steps by the wayside, and crossing a field, come upon a massive stone, supported by other large stones standing upright. Is this dolmen a ruined sepulchre raised to the

'memory' of prehistoric man? Upon this road, in an opposite field, there are other dolmens closely resembling this one, with hieroglyphics upon the stones—writings which no antiquary has yet satisfactorily deciphered. At Ménéac, hard by, the large heath, with the gorse in full bloom, is thickly covered with 'menhirs.' They look like huge, dilapidated tombstones. The appearance of this great heath suggests a ruined cemetery. Passing by Kermario, where there are dolmens resembling those at Stonehenge, we wander down to the sandy beach near Carnac, and bathe in the Baie de Quiberon. After *déjeuner* at an old inn, we climb to the top of Mont St Michel, a celebrated tumulus. Looking down from this, the only elevated spot in the district, we see some landmark of the Druids on every side. Returning to Vannes that afternoon through the archipelago, the waters reflect a deep blue from the summer sky; and as we glide along in our steam-launch, we often pass some ideal fishing-town, its tranquil bay dotted with many a white sail; and on an eminence beyond, some Roman tower or Gothic steeple stands out in relief, with thickly wooded hills rising up behind. Reluctantly we leave Vannes, staying but a few hours at Nantes, for a visit to St Nazaire, before taking train for Paris.

WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TALE.

CONCLUSION.—WITH THE TIDE.

AFTER lighting Mr Lintock's lamp, Duckett had descended to the basement, on a level with the wharf. It was a huge storeroom; its area represented the dimensions of the entire warehouse; and although there were piles of merchandise heaped up on all sides of the iron pillars which supported the floor above, its great size was still apparent, for there were avenues in every direction between these goodly piles wide enough for the trucks to run to and fro. Near the river entrance to this storeroom stood a wooden shed; it had a door facing the main avenue, and a small window on each side. On the door was written, 'Superintendent's Office.' Duckett raised the latch and stepped in. There was a desk under one of the windows, and under the other stood a stove with a funnel disappearing through a hole in the woodwork. The foreman drew up a chair in front of this stove, and having taken a look at the fire and fed it with charcoal, he began to appease his appetite out of a basin and a blackened tin can with a cork in it which stood on the hob. He ate his supper with apparent relish; but the mixture in the can did not seem to his taste; he rejected it with a grimace after the first draught. 'I'd rather drink a pint of senna,' declared Duckett, driving the cork home emphatically with the palm of his hand, 'than another drop of such stuff.' He lit his pipe with an air of resignation, leaned back in his chair, and stared perplexedly at the tin can. Had any one, he wondered, been playing him a trick? He was beginning to get sleepy—so sleepy, that when he looked round him at the walls of the shed, they appeared to expand and his head to grow proportionately larger. It was a maddening sensation. By an effort he

roused himself, stood upright, and tried his utmost to throw off this drowsiness. He was conscious of his responsible position; he was the sole watchman in the warehouse. If any catastrophe were to occur, no matter how it was brought about, he felt that the blame would fall upon his shoulders.

Ducket knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took up his lantern, and went outside the shed. He began to pace resolutely up and down the centre avenue between pyramids of sacks and bales. It was a painful struggle; but it lasted only a short time. No matter which way the foreman turned, whether to the right or to the left, he was always becoming more and more impressed with the fact that uncertainty lay beyond. This soon ended by the lantern dropping from Ducket's hand and going out; and then he sank upon the ground with his head resting upon a hard bale.

Was he dreaming? It seemed to Ducket, as in a dream, that some one glided past him like a ghost and that a light was flashed before his eyes; and then a long interval of darkness and confused fancies followed, until he gradually awoke—awoke with a start—strongly convinced that he had been roused by the clang of the warehouse bell. Could it be Mr Overbeck at the gate already? It was surely not yet ten o'clock! The foreman scrambled to his feet, and groped along the dark avenue of goods towards the superintendent's office; for he could find his way about the warehouse without a gleam of light. As he went along with outstretched hands he experienced a dull singing in the ears. Was it the gate-bell still vibrating in his bewildered brain?

Ducket found the stove-fire still burning, though low. He took down a lantern from the wall, and lighting it, glanced anxiously at the clock. 'Half-past ten,' exclaimed the foreman; 'why'—

It was the warehouse bell. It was no dream now; it sounded like an alarm, it was so incessant. Still half-dazed with the oppressing effect of his unnatural sleep, Ducket hurried across the yard, and unlocking the side-door leading into Thames Street, found himself face to face with Percy Overbeck.

'Why are you so dilatory,' said Overbeck, with an air of suppressed impatience, 'in answering the bell?'

'I only heard it, sir, a minute ago.'

'How's that? I have been ringing at short intervals for nearly half an hour. Is anything wrong?'

Ducket, looking puzzled at Overbeck's excited face, answered: 'I very much suspect that'—

'What?'

'That I've been drugged. That's why I couldn't come. I fell asleep; the noise of the bell awoke me.'

The excited expression in Overbeck's face increased. 'Are you here alone?'

'I'm the only one on duty; but I'm not alone in the warehouse,' said the foreman; 'Mr Lintock is here.'

Overbeck hurriedly demanded: 'Where?'

'In his office up-stairs. I left him there busy writing at his desk.'

'When?'

'Some hours ago—before I became drowsy.'

'Hours ago?—Show the way as quick as you can to Mr Lintock's room.'

Ducket, still more perplexed at Overbeck's manner, hastened up-stairs without a word. He was seized with a dreadful sense of apprehension; and on opening Mr Lintock's door, he uttered a suppressed cry. The wharf-owner's room was empty; but the lamp upon his desk was burning, and the light thrown upon his papers showed them in disorder. An inkstand had been upset upon the table, and the ink was trickling down into a pool upon the floor.

Overbeck, stepping forward, took a quick glance round him. Then he looked keenly at Ducket. 'Clogstoun has been here. He and Mr Lintock have met.'

The foreman's face expressed a look of horror.

'Now, Ducket,' said Percy Overbeck, placing his hand upon the foreman's shoulder, 'nerve yourself. Let us search the warehouse.'

The warehouse was explored from roof to basement. The foreman, who had known every turning among the dark lanes of merchandise since boyhood, took the lead, flashing his lantern into every nook and corner. On each floor they called on Mr Lintock loudly by name; but only an echo of their voices reached them. They stood once more within the wharf-owner's room.

'Ducket,' said Overbeck, 'cast your eyes carefully round. Is anything missing?'

The light from the foreman's lantern moved over the floor and then slowly round the walls. Suddenly it stopped behind Mr Lintock's chair. 'Do you see that peg, sir?'

'Yes.'

'The key should be there. It's gone.'

'What key?'

'The key, sir, to that private door,' and Ducket pointed to a door opposite the window.

'But,' said Overbeck, 'that leads out upon the wharf. And,' he added, turning the handle, 'it's locked. What can it mean?'

'It means,' said the foreman with sudden inspiration, 'that, dead or alive, master has gone out by that door.'

Without loss of time, by means of the superintendent's key, they made their way out upon the landing-stage. They looked eagerly across the dark river. The tide was lapping monotonously against the sides of the wharf; chains were rattling, boats and barges moored alongside creaked and strained at their ropes. Presently Ducket, who went flashing about with his indispensable lantern, cried out: 'There's a boat gone!'

'Ah!—Is the tide ebbing?'

'Ay, sir, ebbing fast.'

Overbeck reflected a moment; then he said: 'Give me the lantern.' Ducket obeyed. 'Now,' added Overbeck, 'unfasten a boat, and let us row down stream. We are on the track, I hope, at last.'

The foreman quickly set to work. There was a boat suited to their purpose lying outside a barge; it was soon loosened and ready for them to start.

'I'll take the sculls,' said Overbeck as he stepped into his place. 'You shall steer. You know this part of the river better than I do.—Are you ready?'

'Right! With the tide, Mr Overbeck?'

'Yes, by all means; with the tide.'

And so, with Ducket grasping the rudder and Overbeck the sculls, the boat moved out into mid-stream. On they went with the ebbing tide under the black shadows of huge ships and towering warehouses until Ducket's lantern was a mere speck of gliding light in the darkness.

Bertha Lintock, although made aware in a message from her father that he should not return until late, began to grow anxious towards midnight. She paced up and down her room, and constantly listened for the sound of wheels in the carriage-drive; the unpleasant affair, of which Percy Overbeck had spoken to her reassuringly, recurred to her mind. Though trusting in Percy, she could not conquer her strong presentiment of danger; for, when a child, strangely enough, Wythred's wharf had made a deep impression upon Bertha. While walking at her father's side through the great sombre storerooms, they had reached some passage—walled with bales of merchandise—so dark and narrow that she had shrunk back with sudden fright, and would go no farther. That was her first visit, and she had never entered the warehouse since. Presently, Bertha heard a hurried step outside the house. She ran to the window and threw it open. Overbeck stood below. 'Percy!—has anything happened?' she asked. 'Where is father?'

'He is here, Bertha—at the gate. You have no need to be alarmed.'

Bertha hastened into the hall.

Percy Overbeck met her at the door, and they went into the dining-room together. 'Your father has been again seized with that odd fancy,' Percy hastened to tell her. 'He believes that while seated in his office this evening, Clogstoun threatened him. Panic-stricken, he escaped from this phantom, or reality, down his private staircase leading to the wharf. Here, groping his way to the barges, he dropped into a boat, and setting it adrift, went out with the tide. Ducket and I—to cut a long story short—overtook the boat, and'—

At this moment Mr Lintock slowly entered the room, leaning on Ducket's arm. His clothes were wet and bespattered with mud. Seeing his daughter, he stepped towards her, but losing strength, sank into a chair.

Bertha ran to his side and bent over him. 'Are you hurt, father?'

'No, my dear, only exhausted. Percy and our old friend Ducket,' said he, looking up gratefully into their faces, 'have saved my life.'

The wharf-owner's nerves were badly shaken. But a few days' rest, under his daughter's thoughtful supervision, restored him to health.

Clogstoun's face never haunted Mr Lintock again; for on the day after this occurrence, the man was found at the warehouse among some bags of sea-damaged hemp-seed, breathing his last; and as a small phial was discovered at his side containing traces of a narcotic, it was conjectured that he had poured a portion of this drug into Ducket's tin can, and had himself swallowed the rest with a strong resolve to bring his wretched existence to an end.

For some time Mr Lintock avoided the subject of his flight from the office and from the face.

It appeared, however, that at the moment when Clogstoun forced his way into the room, the wharf-owner retreated through the private door. This door he locked behind him, in order to cut off pursuit; and thus separated from the Thames Street exit by Clogstoun's presence, Mr Lintock had made his escape by water.

In after-days, when Bertha had become Overbeck's wife, they often dwelt on that midnight affair at Wythred's wharf; and it transpired how Percy, frequently on the watch for Clogstoun, having learnt something of his haunts and habits, had reason to suppose that he had found a means of getting into the warehouse. For this reason, he had appointed that meeting with Ducket, though scarcely imagining that events would take such a strange turn as they had done.

RUNNING A TRAIN.

BY A RAILWAY SERVANT.

AMONG the thousands who travel by rail, there are probably very few who are cognisant of the precautions taken to prevent accidents; nor are the majority of railway travellers aware that under the present system of 'running a train,' it is almost impossible for a collision to occur except through the negligence of some of the Company's servants. In an interesting article on Signalmen lately published in a contemporary, the writer explained how the signals were worked; but he gives one a very inadequate idea of the care exercised by Railway Companies to prevent accidents and loss of life to travellers. For instance, we will take an ordinary train at its start in the morning. In the first place, at the commencement of the journey, the engine-driver and the fireman belonging to the train, after having 'signed on duty'—that is, signed the train-book in the shed-foreman's office—and being passed by the foreman as fit for work, are required to be with the engine about an hour before the time of starting the train, in order that the driver may satisfy himself that the engine is in proper working order. His first care is to see that the engine has been thoroughly cleaned, that all working-parts are free from grit; and that his previous night's statement as regards repairs, &c. to the engine, has been acted upon; and gets coal and water. He then oils all working-parts himself, and proceeds to the station to 'pick up' the carriages forming the train. Each carriage has been overhauled by the carriage-examiner, whose duty it is to see that the train is all right and fit to proceed on the journey; and where any defect is noticed, the carriage is taken off and sent to the 'shops' to be repaired.

The train is now within the jurisdiction of the station-master, who, having previously seen that the signals and signalmen in his district are in proper condition, at once proceeds to satisfy himself that the carriage-examiner has done his duty properly, and notices that the carriages are properly 'coupled.' It will be at once easily understood that to prevent oscillation and to secure

the easy and smooth running of the train, it is necessary that all the vehicles composing the train should be so tightly coupled as to insure the buffers being brought so firmly together as not to be separated by any change of gradient or by the starting of the train. It is the station-master's duty to observe the state of all couplings—including continuous brake couplings and cord communications—and cause any that require it to be adjusted. These couplings are also examined by the guard, who while in the station is under the orders of the station-master. After the guard has seen that the doors of the carriages are properly closed, the train is ready to start. The signal to the engine-driver to proceed must be given by the guard upon receiving intimation from the station-master that all is right. When there are two or more guards with a train, the signal to the driver must only be given by the guard nearest the engine, and then not until he has exchanged signals with the guard or guards in the rear.

On the guard rests the chief responsibility for the safe running of the train. How onerous are his duties may be seen from the following. In the first place, he must regulate the working of the train in accordance with the time-tables of the line over which he has to run. He must also see that the train does not travel on the line after sunset or in foggy weather without a red tail-lamp and two side-lamps, which he must keep properly burning throughout the journey. Every guard when travelling must keep a good look-out, and should he apprehend danger, he must at once attract the attention of the engine-driver. This he does by using the 'communication,' and also by applying his hand-brake, if he has one, sharply and releasing it suddenly. This operation—from the check it occasions—if repeated several times, is almost certain to attract the notice of the driver, to whom the necessary caution or danger-signal must be exhibited; and should the train be fitted with a continuous brake with which the guard has a connection, he must apply it until he is certain the driver is alive to the danger. Should danger be first apprehended by the driver, he immediately gives three or more short sharp whistles, which is a signal for the guard to apply the brake.

If, from any cause, it is found that the train cannot proceed at a greater speed than four miles an hour, the guard must immediately go back one thousand yards, or to the nearest signal-box, if there be one within that distance; in which case the signalman must be advised of the circumstance. Otherwise, the guard who goes back must follow the train at that distance and use the proper danger-signals, so as to stop any following train until assistance arrives or the obstruction is removed. When the train is stopped by accident or from any other cause, the guard must go back as before mentioned, and place detonators on the rails at fixed distances, and must not return to the train until recalled by the engine-driver sounding the whistle.

Should the absence of a signal at a place where a signal is ordinarily shown, or a signal imperfectly lighted, be noticed by the guard, he must treat it as a danger-signal, and report the circumstance to the next signalman or station-master.

These rules properly carried out, and signal-

men and others doing their duty, it will be plainly evident that, although accidents will sometimes occur, the Railway Companies do their best to secure the safe working of the line.

A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN times long since past, it was customary to brand a criminal before he was released from durance vile. A mark was set upon him, so that, like his prototype, all men might know him. The custom was eventually relinquished, possibly on the ground that it savoured too much of the torture-chamber, albeit the pain inflicted could have been little in comparison with that suffered in the extraction of a tooth, a form of torture to which even the most innocent among us are occasionally subjected. But the system, cruel or not, died out, and now the clumsy searing-iron has given place to the photographic camera. The man's flesh is no longer impressed with the red-hot iron; but he impresses his image, all unwillingly, upon the sensitive chemical film; and from the negative so produced, his likeness can be printed and sown broadcast over the land, if necessary, at a few hours' notice. One notorious criminal was in recent years identified, and hunted down by means of the rough outline of his features which appeared in a daily newspaper.

In these days, a photographic album is to be found in every household, and it contains pictures of those whom we love and respect. But the album which is owned by the police authorities is of a very different kind. Loved ones are conspicuous by their absence, for the portraits are of those who are known as the dangerous classes. Fear could not more effectually cast out love than it does in the case of these evil-doers. As the commercial man keeps his note-book for purposes of reference, so do the police keep this album for the identification of those who, having sinned once, may possibly continue in evil courses. This album is not open to public inspection, except under certain circumstances, but is kept for the private use of the police authorities. A similar collection of portraits is now made in every civilised country, and occasionally the interchange of some of these pictures is found to be very serviceable to the honest members of the community.

In the United States, this system has been more completely carried out, perhaps, than in any other country; for there it is not uncommon to arrest a suspected man, take his portrait, and if nothing is proved against him, let him go again. But, contrary to the custom prevailing elsewhere, the American collection of celebrities, or rather notoriety, has been to a certain extent made public property; that is to say, the section of it which has reference to crimes against property has recently been published.

This unique book now lies before us, and we venture to say that it forms one of the most curiously interesting, but at the same time sad compilations which it was ever our lot to peruse.

It is a handsome quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, and is of abnormal thickness; for, in addition to the letterpress, there are contained between its covers more than two hundred photographs. The title of the book is as follows: '*Professional Criminals of America*, by Thomas Byrnes, Inspector of Police and Chief of Detectives New York City—*pro bono publico*.' It is published under the authority of the Board of Police, and its introduction and preface give a general account of the scope and purpose of the work. We continually have evidence that the old adage, 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' represents a patent fact. In the introduction of the volume under review, it is found necessary to point out that it is not a work of fiction, but is an absolutely true history of the criminal classes. For nearly a quarter of a century has its compiler served in the police department of the city of New York, during which time he has made official acquaintance with rascaldom in all its varied branches. His experiences, as well as his opportunities for tracing the histories of those delinquents with whom his occupation has brought him into contact, have given him material, which he has worked up with great ability in the book before us.

But, it may be asked, what is the purpose of such a book? Is it to pander to the morbid desire felt by many to peruse the details of crime? This is by no means the case. Its publication is a protective measure. Crimes against property are of such frequent occurrence, and new methods of carrying them out are being so constantly elaborated, that it is thought if a full and particular account of the manner in which criminals go about their nefarious schemes be exposed, likely victims will be upon their guard. Inspector Byrnes tells us that experience has shown him such an exposure is really necessary. During his three-and-twenty-years' connection with the police department, he has found that bankers, brokers, commercial men, and those most liable to the attentions of thieves, were strangely ignorant concerning the many and ingenious methods resorted to by rogues in quest of plunder. In this book, therefore, those methods are fully detailed, and mysterious thefts are explained. The doings of some of the most notorious robbers are set forth, and the account in each case is accompanied by a portrait of the hero of the story. These portraits, like the rest of the book, are admirably done. They are no mere woodcuts taken from photographs, but are the photographs themselves reproduced by what is known as the Collotype process. That they were obtained unwillingly is obvious, for a photograph, although a silent witness, may be a 'speaking likeness.' This unwillingness to be photographed is illustrated in the frontispiece of Inspector Byrnes' book, where a criminal is being held still by four men while his image is being secured. Modern discovery enables photographs to be taken in so rapid a manner and under such secret circumstances that now it is quite possible to get a man's portrait without his permission or even knowledge. Police authorities will no doubt avail themselves in the future of a means which is calculated to give a far better likeness than a portrait can afford which is taken under compulsion. A few of the sitters have obviously distorted their faces, but most of them

have made up their minds to the inevitable, and have sat quiet. Some even have brushed themselves up, and have been photographed with a smile on their faces; and the inspector tells us that many show a weakness to appear to advantage; and that he has seen women especially whose vanity became evident directly the camera lens was turned upon them. Each portrait in the book bears a number, which corresponds with one placed against the account which is appended of the criminal's career; his name and the alias which he has adopted are also placed beneath the picture. The various branches of the 'profession' which are represented by these portraits comprise bank burglars, bank-sneak thieves (a sneak in this sense is one who is a loafer, and watches his opportunity to 'sneak' into the place for the purpose of stealing anything from an umbrella to a bag of gold), forgers, hotel and boarding-house thieves, sneak and house thieves, shoplifters and pickpockets, 'confidence-men,' receivers of stolen goods, tricks of 'sawdust-men,' and frauds in horse-sales. A brief account of the various methods pursued by these industrious but dishonest workers will be of some interest in showing how far the American criminal differs in his operations from his European confrere.

A first-class bank burglar stands as much at the head of his 'profession' as does a successful Queen's Counsel overtop his brother-lawyers. He must be possessed of several high qualities, among which may be reckoned courage, determination, fertility of resource, and mechanical skill. Some of these men have such an intimate knowledge of the mechanism of locks and safes, that no strong-box or vault can be regarded as 'burglar proof' whilst they remain at large. Their implements are sometimes made by themselves, but more frequently by a mechanic so far in league with them that he will ask no troublesome questions so long as he is well paid for the tools he makes. These tools are simple, but strong, and include steel wedges, a spirit-lamp and blowpipe which will soften and destroy the temper of metal-plates, a diamond-pointed drill which will pierce the hardest steel, and sometimes dynamite. The last-named has frequently been used to blow open a refractory safe, while, to cover the noise of the explosion, an accomplice has driven past the scene of action with a rumbling cart full of clanging milkcans. But sometimes the work is done in a far less violent manner, and preparations for the assault of the bank decided upon are conducted carefully for months before the actual event takes place.

A very general method is to hire some house which adjoins the bank premises, and to carry on there a legitimate trade for some time, so that the occupants may earn the character of harmless and desirable neighbours. In some cases, rooms above or cellars below the bank premises have been rented with this view, the landlord often being the head of the corporation which is ultimately to be robbed. The leader of the gang employs his time in making the acquaintance of the bank clerks, perhaps finding among them a black-sheep who may become his ally. The walls, floor, or roof of the vault is eventually broken through, and the gang of robbers disappears, laden with treasure. In other cases, the cashier who holds

the keys of the bank has been traced to his home and to his bedroom. Impressions of the keys are then made in wax, or, should the sleeping cashier be aroused, he is secured by some of the gang until the rest have time to effect the robbery. It is a curious but true circumstance that many of these bank burglars are model husbands and fathers. They will educate their children at the best schools and lead a most exemplary home-life. They evidently look upon their calling as a legitimate profession, and drop all thought of it, as other business men will do, when they reach the door of their own household.

The bank-sneak thieves occupy a lower grade in the profession of knavery. They are men of pleasing address, good education, and adopt that best of all disguises, a faultless attire. While the burglar works at night, the bank sneak conducts his operations in the full light of day, and must therefore be possessed of great presence of mind. The length to which one of these worthies will go in order to attain his ends is well illustrated by the following anecdote. The hero of the story was a bank sneak, who one morning entered the building which he had determined to rob, went behind the counter, hung up his coat, and donning another, coolly installed himself as a clerk at one of the desks. He was requested by one of the real clerks to leave the place, but impudently told his interrogator to mind his own business, and threatened to report him as soon as the manager or president arrived at the bank. But eventually he was made, under protest, to vacate the seat. Full of virtuous indignation, he walked with dignity out of the building; and it was not until some time afterwards that the clerk whose position he had usurped discovered that the cash was fifteen thousand dollars short. This type of robbery, thanks to increased vigilance on the part of the police, has almost ceased to exist.

With regard to forgers, we learn that their number, compared with other classes of criminals, is small, only about two dozen men being recognised as applying their talents as penmen and engravers to the fabrication of spurious documents. Photography is largely employed by them; and, by the irony of fate, the same art is now used for their identification. Their methods do not differ from those which have been detailed so often in our own courts of justice, so that we need not dwell upon them. We may, however, refer to the clever manner in which one gang of forgers made the English criminal investigation department play into their hands. This gang had prepared an elaborate scheme for defrauding the English banks by means of counterfeit circular notes. Shortly after they left New York by steamer *en route* for Britain, the scheme was discovered, and the English police were furnished by Atlantic cable with all its details. The forgers were of course ignorant of this. Their audacious leader, upon arriving in London, thought that it would be as well to make himself acquainted with the faces of the chief detectives, and in the character of an American tourist he paid them a visit. They were so taken off their guard by the pleasant manner of their visitor, that one of the officers not only told him of the impending fraud, but actually showed him the New York telegram, which happened to be lying on a desk. It need hardly be said that the forger thus warned did

not tarry long in the metropolis: he and his gang left London that night.

Hotels and fashionable boarding-houses form the happy hunting-ground of another numerous class of swindlers. The first operation of one of these daring thieves is to scan the list of arrivals in the newspapers. He then hunts down his prey with a persistency which knows no rest. A gimlet to bore a hole in the bedroom door, a crooked wire to insert in that hole with which to pull back the bolt, and a pair of nippers to seize and turn the key left in the inside of the lock, are generally the sole tools which he requires, and such implements he can easily carry in his waistcoat pocket. As many as ten rooms have thus been entered and robbed in one hotel in a single night. Another method is to doctor the locks beforehand by unscrewing them, and after enlarging the screwholes, replace them in their former position. They give no evidence of having been tampered with, but after such treatment, a firm push on the door will easily cause it to fly open. In boarding-houses, the thief soon knows which of his fellow-guests owns the most jewelry, and he generally chooses dinner-time to remain upstairs and possess himself of it.

The American house-thief is a more vulgar kind of criminal, whose counterpart is probably found in every civilised country. He will coolly ransack a house while its occupants are away; otherwise, in the character of a pedlar, pianotuner, inspector of some kind, a book canvasser, or an insurance agent, he will gain access to the place, and will go away not empty-handed. One of these men will rejoice over the notice of a fashionable wedding, particularly if the wedding-presents are numerous. He then makes it his business to hunt down the happy pair, who are probably too much engrossed in themselves to worry much about their worldly belongings, and often manages to relieve them of their jewels and plate. These men usually work alone, but sometimes there may be two or three interested in the proceedings.

The shoplifters and pickpockets do not call for special remark; but those astute persons who are termed 'confidence-men' are worthy of more notice. The British form of 'confidence-trick' we have always regarded with hopeful feelings, for it proves most conclusively that the men who practise it are so utterly devoid of inventive talent that they cannot be very dangerous. They are content to run in the same groove in which others have moved, and a clumsy and wretchedly designed groove it is. The confidence-trick has so often been exposed in the newspapers, as well as in our pages, that it is familiar to most people. But, wonderful to relate, it constantly claims fresh victims; and we may be certain that a large majority of the cases which occur never come to public light. For poverty of design and utter absence of dramatic construction, this mode of swindling stands by itself. The *dramatis personæ* are three in number, and consist of the victim, A, usually some honest farmer, who, by the cut of his clothes and by the way he stares about him in a large city, readily proclaims his rustic origin. Enter B, who casually drops into conversation with A, and presently suggests a friendly glass at the nearest public-house. Here the two are joined by C (an accomplice of B). C tells of a rich uncle

who has lately died and left him a fortune, which he hardly knows how to spend. Rolls of notes and packets of gold are displayed in proof of his assertion. He announces his resolve to give away a lump sum of money to any man in whom he can feel implicit confidence. There is no reason why A and B should not be the happy recipients of his generosity; but, as they are comparative strangers, he must first ascertain whether he can place implicit confidence in them, and whether that confidence is mutual. In order to assure them of his unsuspecting nature, he gives his purse to B, who goes out for a stroll. B returns in a short time, and C expresses his satisfaction with this noble proof of B's honesty. C next takes B's purse out of the house for a time, and duly returns it. A is next invited to hand his purse to B or C for a like test of his honesty. The receiver, say C, once more goes out for the regulation stroll. B soon finds an excuse to leave A for a few moments. A patiently awaits the return of his quondam friends, but alas for the credit of human nature, they never come back. In America, the confidence-trick assumes far more clever forms, and it is accomplished by men of polished address, who haunt some of the best hotels. One of these men, who recently died in an American prison, is said to have gained during his career more than one million dollars by operating upon the credulity of his fellows. In one case he robbed a man of thirty thousand dollars. Meeting this man some years later, he declared his penitence, and promised restitution, and he actually obtained from his victim a further sum of three thousand dollars!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WOLF-CHILDREN.

WITH reference to our recent article on the above subject (*Chambers's Journal*, June 25), a correspondent writes as follows: 'In connection with the stories of wolf-children, it may not be uninteresting to mention that while lately on a visit to Melbourne, the writer went with his wife and two little children (aged two and four) to see the Royal Park, where the wild animals are kept. There, among others, they came upon a cage with four large wolves, lying sleeping on the ground. They took no notice of the writer or his wife or the elder child; but the moment the younger toddled up, they sprang simultaneously to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest her. Not content with this, two of the largest stood on their hind-feet and pressed themselves flatly against the cage, pushing their great fore-paws through the bars towards the child, as though to get at her, and wagging their tails and barking frantically the whole time, their eyes riveted on her. As she walked away, they rushed across the cage to the other corner and repeated their antics. When the child uttered a word or two, it seemed to affect the wolves singularly, and they redoubled their efforts to get near her. The writer went again with the same party and infant, and with the same result.

'Now, the aspect of these wolves, in spite of their barking and excitement, was decidedly not ferocious, but more resembling a great collie

when at play; and the writer felt convinced no harm would have happened to the child had the wolves succeeded in getting to her. Possibly, in some wolves the maternal instinct may be very strong.'

STEEL TUBES FROM SOLID RODS.

A curious way of making steel tubes from solid rods was communicated by Dr Siemens to a recent meeting of the Akademie der Wissenschaft. A steel tube ten centimetres long (nearly four inches), with perfectly smooth external and internal surfaces, and extremely uniform bore, and whose walls are apparently of perfectly equal thickness at all points, was prepared in this manner: Two rollers, slightly conical in shape towards their lower ends, are made to rotate in the same direction near each other; a red-hot cylinder of steel is then brought between these cylinders, and is at once seized by the rotating cones, and is driven upwards. But the mass of steel does not emerge at the top as a solid, but in the form of the hollow steel tube which Dr Siemens laid before the meeting. This striking and singular result was explained by Professor Neesen, who was present. It appears that, owing to the properties of the glowing steel, the rotating rollers seize only upon the outer layer of the steel cylinder, and force this upward, while at the same time the central parts of the cylinder remain behind. The result is thus exactly the same as is observed in the process of making glass tubes out of glass rods.

SUNSET.

A BRIGHT, clear streak of sunset gold
Tingeth each cloud,
Though darkly they the sun enfold
As with a shroud.

He is gone down to death a king;
In state he lies;
Royal the pall, his covering
Of stormy skies.

From that low cloud it is they gleam
Over the sky,
The glory-shafts that, far flashed, beam
Piercing on high.

So, Mortal, from the open grave
Of dear Hope lost
The rays surge up in golden wave
O'er darkness tost.

Still thou thy heart! The hidden light
But seeks the morn,
Thy Hope fares on through veiling night
To rise new-born.

C. G.

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